THE PACIFIC

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TODAY.

We shall do so much in the years to come,
But what have we done today?
We shall give out gold in a princely sum,
But what did we give today?
We shall lift the heart and dry the tear,
We shall plant a hope in the place of fear,
We shall speak with words of love and cheer,
But what have we done today?

We shall be so kind in the after while,
But what have we been today?
We shall bring to each lonely life a smile,
But what have we brought today?
We shall give to truth a grander birth,
And to steadfast faith a deeper worth,
We shall feed the hungering souls of earth,
But whom have we fed today?

—Nixon Waterman.

THE PACIFIC

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ANOTHER STUDY OF THE PROBLEM OF SUFFERING.

The Expository Times for August—a London publication—remarks: "The Old Testament was much read at the beginning of the war. It was probably read by men who are not at all in the habit of reading it. For some good arguments could be got out of it in favor of a righteous war. It is true there were passages which seemed to disapprove of war but they were confined to the prophets. One could leave the prophets alone for the present, and in the good old way of the 'proof-text' find arguments for war that were of unmistakable meaning and emphasis.

"At the end of the war men are returning to the Old Testament. They are in search of arguments again. But not for war. Now they are in search of arguments for the bearing of the ills that war has done. They have returned to the Old Testament to find out how the men of the Old Testament times understood the meaning of suffering and of death."

This which we have quoted was given in a way of preface to what the Expository Times had to say concerning a new book by Professor McFadyen of the United Free Church College in Glasgow—on "The Problem of Pain." The war impressed him with the need for some contribution on suffering in the world. The work is "A study in the Book of Job." But Professor McFadyen doesn't find the solution of the problem of pain in the Book of Job. He says that there is no book in which it can be found, for the problem is insoluble. The Times says that "he studies the Book of Job not that he may solve the problem of pain for us, but that he may help us to bear our suffering and to wait."

THE PASSING OF THE FIRST INDEPENDENT NORMAL SCHOOL IN THE UNITED STATES.

The first independent normal school in the United States was established in 1855 at Lebanon, Ohio, by Alfred Holbrook. Its systems of teaching were adopted by Ohio State and Oxford and Athens and other Ohio colleges. Its line of graduates has included many of the prominent men of the nation. Among these was the teacher-poet, William Henry Venable, who remained in the institution as an instructor for a number of years. Lebanon was a teacher of teachers, and its sons and daughters can be found in many lands. Its graduates number more than six thousand. The school was recently merged with a small college at Wilmington, Ohio, owned by the Friends. The Lebanon educational institution had an enrollment of more than three thousand in 1889. The one at Wilmington has less than three hundred.

The town of Lebanon, near Cincinnati, where this old-time institution was located, is a place of considerable historic interest. It gave to Ohio and to the nation, Thomas Corwin, the famous politician and patriot; also John McLean, another of Ohio's celebrated men. It was the home also of Achilles Pugh, a noted anti-slavery agitator.

Notwithstanding the loss of one of her thirty-six colleges, Ohio still leads in the number of such educational institutions. New York has thirty-four. Pennsylvania has thirty.

JOHN BURROUGHS CONCERNING WHITMAN AND EMERSON.

Some years ago John Burroughs spoke of Walt Whitman as "the greatest of the American poets." Recently in an interview by a representative of the New York Times, Burroughs contrasted Emerson and Whitman in the following manner:

"No matter how kindly Emerson felt towards you, he always kept you at a distance. His reserve was both reasoned and temperamental, I think. It was all the other way with Whitman. He embraced you, body and spirit. And you felt the same toward him. I remember the day when he and I stood together on a street corner in Washington while Gen. Burnside's men marched past us, a river of blue, on their way to join Grant in the last year of the Civil War. Whitman was, as usual, radiantly clean, as though he had just come from the bath. His clothes were immaculate; there was a flower in his button hole; his beard snowy white, his cheeks a clear pink, his blue eyes glowing. Suddenly a soldier whom Walt had nursed in some hospital would spy him, cry out his name, and breaking from the ranks, would come running over to him, throw his arms about him, and kiss him. Then he would drag Whitman off to march with him for a distance until Walt would finally break away and come back, only to have another soldier spy him and embrace him and drag him off in the same way. That kept up almost all the time. As for Whitman, he just radiated love.

"He was the great Mother Man. I've seen him hold a dying soldier's hand in a hospital when he could do nothing else for him, and it seemed to be a great comfort to the poor fellow. Whitman's magnificent vitality and his great love seemed to flow through that touch of his hand. It was as though some beloved kinsman were holding the poor chap's hand instead of a man who was a stranger to him up to a few minutes before. And the men meant as much to Whitman. He used to get my wife to bake whole piles of crullers and mince pies and pumpkin pies to take to some wounded soldiers who hadn't tasted a bit of New England so long that they ached with homesickness. And the pleasure on Whitman's face as he watched them eat!"

When mention was made of the difference that had arisen between Emerson and Whitman over the letter of Emerson's that Whitman had used in the first edition of "Leaves of Grass," without Emerson's permission, Burroughs said:

"Oh, that incident made no great change between them.

When Whitman showed Emerson some of his poems, Emerson was so strongly impressed that he wrote him an enthusiastic letter about them. Whitman showed it to Charles A. Dana, who was editor of the Tribune then. 'Why, this is the charter of an emperor!' Dana said. And Whitman, because he was young, thoughtless of formal amenities, and despised conventions, used the letter in 'Leaves of Grass' so that it made Emerson appear to endorse some other poems that Whitman included—of a kind that shocked Emerson. Whitman told me that Emerson and he had it out on Boston Common one morning for hours while Emerson tried to persuade him to omit the objectionable poems from his future collections and to keep away from that tack altogether. 'He put it to me just as straight and hard as any one could,' Whitman told me. 'He felt pretty strongly about. But so did I. So after a couple of tense hours we gave it up and went and had lunch together.' "

"I DID NOT RAISE MY BOY TO BE A SOLDIER!"

A few weeks ago The Pacific was asked to reprint a poem based on the one by Edwin Markham in which was the expression forming the caption of this article. We wrote the friend who asked its publication that the stanza by Markham to which it was a reply did not in our judgment represent his attitude toward war at all times and without exception. Since then we have seen a letter which Mr. Markham wrote to the Book Review department of the New York Times, which was in the main as follows:

"I know that the Book Review has sympathy for the sorrows of authors, and that you are happiest when you are serving as a hospitable ear for all their piteous plaints. My own present grievance rises out of a long paragraph that is going the rounds of the newspapers. It had its origin in the Manufacturers' Journal. The paragraph contains a fragment of a poem of mine under the odious caption, 'I Did Not Raise My Boy to be a Soldier.'

"Now that bit of verse, detatched from its rightful place, does not at all give the spirit of my poem, which is a plea for the peace principle that all hearts should desire. But, most of all, I am misrepresented by the absurd music hall caption thrust upon me by some officious headliner. It is a title I abominate, and it utters a sentiment I repudiate. For righteous wars are conceivable, wars in which I should not only want my boy to participate, but wars in which I should also want to join and fight to a finish. I am a man of peace, yet there are some things that are worse than bloodshed, worse than death."

GROWTH WILL CONQUER.

In his "Food of the Gods," H. G. Wells represents one of the new race of giants, of supermen, as saying to his fellows as they were about to give battle to the community or ordinary people, determined to destroy them:

"It is not that we would oust the little people from the world in order that we, who are no more than one step upward from their littleness, may hold the world forever. It is the step we fight for, not ourselves. We are here, brothers, to what end? To serve the spirit and purpose that has been breathed into our lives. We fight not for ourselves—for we are but the momentary hands and eyes of the Life of the World. Through us and through the little folk the spirit looks and learns. From us by word and birth and act it must pass—to still greater lives. . . We fight not for ourselves, but for growth that goes on forever. Tomorrow, whether we live or die, growth will conquer through us. That is the law of the Spirit forevermore. To grow according to the will of God! To grow out of these shadows and darknesses into greatness and the light. Greater, he said, speaking with slow deliberation, greater, my brothers. And then—still greater. To grow and again—to grow. To grow at last into the fellowship and understanding of God."

NATIONAL COUNCIL OF CONGREGATIONAL CHURCHES.

The seventeenth meeting of the National Council of Congregational Churches in the United States was held in Columbus, Ohio, October 10-17. The delegate attendance was not as large as at some of the meetings in the past; but the Council was one of sustained interest and of much inspiration. Some of the addresses were of marked excellence. We print two in this week's issue of The Pacific—one by Dean Charles R. Brown, of the Yale School of Religion, on "Four Hundred Years of Protestantism," and one by the Rev. Dr. Hugh Pedley, of Montreal, on "The Unminted Gold of Democracy." An advance copy of the address of Mr. Henry M. Beardsley, the retiring Moderator, was kindly furnished The Pacific at our request last week.

A short time before the Council convened the Pacific Coast delegates met together and requested President Nash of the Pacific School of Religion to present for Moderator this year the Rev. Dr. William Horace Day. So finely was this nomination made by Dr. Nash and so heartily and aptly was it seconded by the Rev. Dr. Phillips of New Haven, Connecticut, and the Rev. Dr. McElveen of Evanston, Illinois, that persons having in mind the nomination of another man for the position did not present his name, and Dr. Day was declared the unanimous choice of the Council.

The Rev. Dr. W. E. Barton, of Oak Park, Chicago, was elected Assistant Moderator; and of course Dr. Herring was again chosen Secretary.

We cannot give in this issue of the Pacific any detailed report of the meeting. Notwithstanding the fact that the people of the East had by an expression of the feeling that they could not go so far from home this year as Los Angeles, and so led to the change from that city to Columbus, the Coast sent more than thirty delegates. Those in attendance from Northern California were: F. J. Van Horn, of Oakland; B. C. Preston, of Palo Alto; J. E. Tedford, of Grass Valley; M. G. Papazian, of Fresno; Kunio Kodaira, of San Francisco; Secretaries Kelsey, Wikoff, Hinman, and Fisher; President Nash, Professor Buckham, W. W. Ferrier, Mrs. E. A. Evans, President of the Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific; and Miss Henrietta Brewer, one of the directors.

The delegates from Southern California were: Secretary Kenngott, President Blaisdell, the Rev. W. B. Thorp of San Diego, Madame Day of Los Angeles, en route East to her new home at Bridgeport, Connecticut; Mrs. and Mrs. E. P. Clark of Los Angeles, Mrs. G. F. De Laney, Mrs. Hicks and Mrs. F. Betz.

Arizona was represented by the Rev. C. N. Hand, pastor at Tempe.

The Oregon delegates were: the Revs. J. J. Staub of Portland, A. C. Moses, and Secretary Sullins.

Washington: Revs. H. E. Brown, S. Strong, H. Ross, of Seattle, and Prof. L. F. Anderson of Walla Walla.

Idaho was represented by the Rev. Carl Veazie.

An invitation was given to hold the meeting in 1919

in Los Angeles, but at the time this article was written the invitation had not been acted on by the Council.

The Council voted to furnish one-half of the $30,000 needed for the purchase of The Advance by the Publishing Society. It is to be merged in The Congregationalist, and but one national paper be published. The merger will take effect the first of November.

A proposition is under consideration for the paying in part at least of the expense of Council delegates. Hereafter all delegates will be elected for a term of four years.

Delegates in attendance this year not reported in the foregoing list were the Rev. Dr. Dyott of Portland, Oregon, and the Rev. Mr. Long of Tucson, Arizona.

FOUR HUNDRED YEARS OF PROTESTANTISM.

An Address by Dean Charles R. Brown, of the Yale School of Religion, At the National Council of Congregational Churches.

We stand here at a long remove in miles and in time and in mood from those Germans who saw Martin Luther nailing his Declaration of Independence to the door of the Church in Wittenberg. We find ourselves, alas, at war with that land of noble history, and the feeling of four-fifths of all the earth tonight is not what it would have been had this anniversary occurred ten years ago.

The Germany of Luther and Schleiermacher, of Kant and Hegel, of Goethe and Schiller, of Beethoven and Bach, of Carl Schurz and Franz Sigel, is a land to which we can hold out our hands in warmest fellowship. But toward that Germany which has fallen under the spell of a mad, military caste intent upon the subjugation of other and freer nations than herself, our deepest feeling must be one of moral opposition. Here we stand! God help us! We cannot otherwise! It is not a matter of political expediency; it is not a matter of commercial advantage—it is a matter of principle. And we have pledged the utmost of our strength to the maintenance of those principles which we hold to be just and right.

But even in war times it is altogether fitting that a great religious gathering like this should pause to pass in review some of the more significant events which have fallen within the last four centuries. The Protestant Reformation was a great religious movement and it was also in the broadest and best sense political.

It involved a sharp break with that mighty organization which had come to dominate in its own interest the wealth and the learning, the social life, and the governments of Europe. It voiced a profound dissatisfaction with the existing order which had spread over an entire continent. It was a movement which called for the coming of a new heaven of religious thought and of a new earth wherein should dwell righteousness. It was a revolt of the human against the ecclesiastical. It was one of the days of the Son of Man, and those who had eyes to see saw again the veil of the Temple rent in twain from the top to the bottom.

Let me speak, then, of that movement in its early promise, in its actual performance, and in its present prospects.

I. In that great day when Protestantism first stood up to challenge the right of a mighty system to rule the lives of men it had emblazoned upon its shield the promise of a new day for all who would fear God and work righteousness. Its four main ideas were these:

1. The right of direct and immediate access to God for every soul with no sort of priestly mediation or ecclesiastical barrier blocking the way. He is not far from anyone of us, and whosoever will may come.

2. Its doctrine of grace as opposed to the idea of salvation by penance or by observances or by advances made from some treasury of merit under the control of priests. By grace are ye saved through faith and that not of yourselves for Eternal Life is the gift of God.

3. The authority of the Scriptures—not the decrees of councils, nor the words of popes, nor the traditions of the elders, but the mind of Christ as it lies reflected supremely upon the pages of the New Testament, this was to be the court of last appeal.

4. The right of private judgment which carries with it by implication all that is contained in our modern program of political and spiritual democracy. Every man by virtue of the fact that he is a man has the God-given privilege of judgment, of interpreting, and applying all these truths of Church and State to his own personal needs and to the needs of that society where he stands.

How full of promise were those four main ideas of the Protestant Reformation! In our day and in our own section of the Christian world they are the mere commonplaces of thought and practice. But in that period when priestcraft had so successfully overlaid the minds of men with burdens grievous to be borne, the proclamation of these fundamental truths caused the hearts of men to leap.

They made clear the fact that the religion of Jesus Christ is not a mere history of something sacred and beautiful, which happened long ago for our advantage. It is not an elaborate system of artificial observances imposed upon us by external authority. It is not a collection of theories about things quite removed from the daily secular interests of men. The religion of Jesus Christ is a mode of life upon which any soul anywhere may enter immediately by the grace of God for his own eternal good and for the benefit of all those who are touched by the hand of his influence.

The Protestant Reformation stood out against the false asceticism of that day which had maneuvered itself into a privileged place of sanctity. This was in some measure due to the joyous humanity of Luther himself, but it was due even more to the fact that it took its standards and its spirit from the original sources. The Gospel of Christ is not in the main a gospel of cutting down and of lopping off, a gospel of giving up and of going away back to sit down in a kind of tontine gloom which promises big dividends of satisfaction in the world to come. The Gospel of Christ is a gospel of life. It offers a program and a dynamic for brave, manly, full-fledged, useful, joyous life. "This do," it says, as its author said at the start, "and thou shalt live." It comes that men may have life and have it more abundantly.

The Protestant Reformation was indeed a protest against existing errors and abuses. But it had also its own positive program for the lives of men. It would have said in those days, as it says now, that no man is a Protestant simply because he denies the infallibility of the Pope or refuses to attend Mass, or declines the intimate experiences of the confessional. He is only a Protestant when he is putting his full strength into living the life of a responsible citizen in the Kingdom of God, answerable only to his Maker, and sustained by his sense of fellowship with all those who show the spirit of the Master.

Therefore the faith of the Protestant offered to the souls of men, puzzled and wearied by the system which had brought them neither peace nor strength, a splendid promise of that life which is life indeed. And within fifty years of the time when Luther faced the Diet of Worms it had won a magnificent success. In England and in Scotland, in Sweden and in Denmark, in Prussia, in Saxony and in the Netherlands, it had triumphed. And in all the other

countries on this side of the Alps it seemed to be on the very edge of victory. It came with all the promise of a new day for northern and for western Europe.

II. But in the second place, we must ask how far that promise has been fulfilled in its actual performance. It is a melancholy fact for us that in those first fifty years Protestantism gained in many sections of Christendom its highest ascendancy. It gained an ascendancy which in diverse fields was speedily lost and never again regained.

Its earlier victories over an easy-going and corrupt Church were rapid and decisive. But there came a counter-reformation when the advances of the Protestant faith were checked and held by another quality of Church life which had in it the rigor and the vigor of Ignatius Loyola. Then the rapid victories of Protestantism came to an end. And when Protestantism itself had become rich and proud it had no longer its former strength of appeal. As it was in the first century, so it was in the seventeenth, and so it will be ever. It is the movement which is "lifted up from the earth" by discipline and self-sacrifice, which draws men to it.

Many a religious movement has shown itself magnificent in protest, and then has become ineffective when once the protest was accepted and the hour had struck for wise, constructive action. The Unitarian reaction against an impossible orthodoxy and the Christian Science movement as a protest against materialism have shown themselves strong in criticism, but they are weak in that statesmanship which can develop and carry through large policies of constructive effort.

It was an easy matter for men to draw back from pardons and indulgences, from magical rites and from artificially imposed ceremonies. It was an easy matter for them to insist that bread was bread and wine was wine, over which no priest had more transforming power than the unordained laymen. But the hard test came when the call was made for that clear-cut, positive, spiritual energy demanded for the renewal and the direction of the lives of men and of nations.

No form of religion can ever live and thrive by what it denies. It can only live and thrive by what it affirms and incarnates. The habit of mind which is critical rather than constructive, the faith which is merely pallid and feeble in the distaste it shows for the coarser food upon which the souls of men are fed, the whole mood which is more intent upon the limitations of its fellows than upon the excellencies it can show in its own militant bearing—no one of these is destined to conquer. They will never be able to hold their own against the highly organized and resolute Church of Rome, to say nothing of winning that harder and more honorable victory in subduing the world, the flesh and the devil.

In my judgment, one of the reasons why Protestantism has not been more successful in fulfilling that early promise is to be found in the fact that it was never quite brave enough to undertake to deal with this human life of ours in its entirety. The Roman Catholic Church with its seven sacraments reaching out through all the main crises of human life from the baptism of a newborn babe to the last unction for the dying, with its openly proclaimed or covertly held belief in the temporal sovereignty of the Church, with its steady reach for the control of the forces of education and with its confessional projecting the power of the Church into the most intimate relations of daily life, this organization has undertaken the spiritual supervision of man's entire career. It has been imperial in its ambitions, as would befit an organization which heads up in Rome.

Now I covet for our own Protestant faith some of that same imperialism. Not that I would see the State or the school, the home or the place of trade controlled by the Church—God forbid!—but I would that all these interests should be brought into obedience to the spirit of Christ. Has our Church ever been brave enough to accept for itself openly the entire program of the Kingdom of God on earth? Has it ever set itself resolutely to the renewal of this entire fabric of civic, commercial and social life after the method of the Master! The saving of priviliged souls here and there out of the moral wreck is not enough. The nurture of those fortunate beings whose ancestors came over in the Mayflower, the habit of attacking human want piecemeal by petty charities, oftentimes ill-advised in their operation, the making of a fair show in the flesh by some hopeful measure of rescue work on mission fields, all this fails to make potent appeal to the moral imagination of the masculine half of the race, and it is rapidly losing its power with the more patient part of our population.

But, suppose that the Protestant Church for the last four centuries in its hymns and in its prayers, in its sermons and in its lay practice had been standing for the principle of equality before the law, for a more democratic spirit in the control of our great industries, for a more equitable distribution of the good things of life between those who toil with their heads and those who toil with their hands, for the end of all class legislation and all plundering of the many for the profit of the few, for the banishment of that moral degradation which ensues where the conditions of ill-requited toil become inhuman, for the removal of race prejudice and hatred and for the development of that quality and measure of national and international morality which would avert those disasters which are crushing the life out of entire peoples—suppose, I say, that we had been steadily exalting in our Protestant faith that imperialism of the Christ spirit in all these relations of the common life! Would not our Protestantism today be much further on the road toward the performance of its early promise!

In the Saturday evening editions of many of our metropolitan dailies you find a page given to what is called in handsome letters and in pathetic phrase, "The Religious World." Heaven save the mark! As if the religious world were a thing apart from the world described on the front page, and in the real estate and financial columns, a thing apart from the life portrayed on the pages given to sport and to labor news, and to social events. Where on God's green earth is the religious world if not right here where men and women are buying and selling, marrying and being given in marriage, struggling and tempted, broken and beaten in the battle of life!

The man in the street pictures that religious world oftentimes as a little toy section of the universe off to one side where men of peculiar temperament and dress are busy with their new moons and their Sabbaths, their incense and their liturgies, their stained glass and their historic episcopates, leaving meanwhile the great human interests of justice, mercy and truth in secular life to go their way unblessed and undirected by that spiritual order in whose service those holy men are supposed to stand. In so far as we have allowed our Protestantism to fall into that caricature of its real self, we have had no right to expect the performance of its early promise.

The aim of all religion is access to God, the sense of fellowship between our finite spirits and His infinite Spirit, the joy of becoming partakers of the Divine Nature through the maintenance of that union, and the utterance of that august experience in those deeds of righteousness which belong to the life of intelligent goodwill.

In theory Protestantism has laid its main emphasis up-

on this task of making every man a good citizen in this present world rather than upon the task of preparing him for citizenship in another and altogether different world given over to devotional exercises. But when the time came to hew to the line and put into practice these great Christian ideals in civic and in commercial life, even though that process might bring dismay to some of the men who sat comfortably in the broad aisle, then we have not always been willing to have our dreams come true. It takes a brave man and a still braver congregation of men to stand up and say to the Almighty, "Thy Kingdom come, here and now in all these varied interests of ours! Thy will be done on earth as we believe it is done in the skies!" But the Protestant Churches will never enter into their own until they stand ready to carry those great ideals through to their glorious fulfilment.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men which taken at the flood leads on to fortune." In this world-wide struggle for justice, for freedom, and for democracy, may not the leaders of our Protestant forces discern that flood tide of opportunity! We see the whole race passing through a profound historical transformation. We see all the current methods of social and political organization being challenged to justify themselves by the measure of well-being they can show in the lives of men. It is the high noon of opportunity for moral advance. And in all this we as American Christians are to share.

We have entered into this war with any selfish desire for conquest. God knows that we do not covet a single acre of territory belonging to any other power. We have not entered into this war with any sordid desire for material gain. We were already becoming disgracefully rich by the manufacture of munitions and in furnishing supplies to the belligerent nations. If they could have fought it through without our aid it would have been money in our purse to have held aloof. We have not entered into this war in any spirit of touchiness because our national honor has been offended—we are too strong and too sane for all that. We have not entered into this war to punish anybody. There will be no songs of hate composed nor sung on this side of the water.

A song of hate is a song of hell
And some there be who sing it well;
So let them sing it loud and long,
We lift our hearts in a loftier song;
We lift our hearts to Heaven above
Singing the glory of that we love.

We have entered into this war because we were not willing to stand by and allow other nations to be bled white in the resistance they were offering to international lawlessness and crime. We have entered into this war because we were not willing to allow other nations to be crippled and broken in the defense they were making for those principles of justice and freedom which are the glory of our own national history and of our own type of Christian faith. May we not then at this very hour hear above the din of battle the Voice of God calling upon us to stand with Him for the coming down out of Heaven from God, out of the realm of vision into the realm of accomplished fact, a commanding measure of that order of life, wherein dwelleth righteousness and peace and joy in the Divine Spirit.

III. In the third place, let me speak of the present prospects of our Protestant faith. Those prospects are not nearly so bright as they would have been had not our high privilege of private judgment broken us up into all these varied sects. We sometimes plume ourselves in these days upon the fact that we have achieved a certain measure of religious toleration and the pleasant custom of holding union Thanksgiving Day services. Has the twentieth century of Christian history nothing better to show than that? The very word toleration is an offense. I want no man to tolerate me, and I should feel myself an insufferable prig if I assumed an attitude of toleration toward any Christian brother.

In this time of stress it is difficult for me to be as patient as I suppose a Christian should be toward that spirit of sectarianism which blocks the way of advance. The unity of Christendom seems of so much less importance to some ecclesiastical dyspeptic than the fact that he and his wife, his son John and his wife, should be privileged to live under a form of Church polity and usage, which he has constructed in strict accordance with some obscure passage, wrongly interpreted as often as not, in the Book of Acts. In the presence of the dire need of this whole earth for spiritual direction at the hands of those forces for which all the Churches profess to stand, the petty differences of theological theory and of denominational practice become as unimportant as the fact that some men have and some men have not red hair. The minister of Christ who spends his time on Sunday defending his own particular mode of baptism, or expounding some notion of Biblical inerrancy, or inventing some theory of future punishment in the presence of a continent on fire, is not even fiddling while Rome is burning. He is not doing anything as respectable as fiddling. He is guilty of high crimes and misdemeanors against the Kingdom of God.

We have learned as never before in these three fateful years of war how much larger the local unit, the national unit, and the international unit must be if it would reach its highest efficiency. The local militia dissociated from any vaster force of resistance or attack has shown itself all but valueless. It has taken the organized and disciplined forces of whole nations banded together and acting in concert to achieve the necessary ends. How much longer will it take for the children of light to realize that the local and the national units in that vaster and more significant Army of God must likewise be made larger if they would win.

We can all see that Protestantism is not today the mighty cable it was meant to be, binding the freer nations to the Throne of God. It has been frayed out into so many strands that no single thread or group of threads has in it the necessary fibre for the strain we would impose upon it. We are not, in our several communities, or in the nation as a whole, in a position to furnish that competent and impressive, moral leadership which the complex life of this modern world so sorely demands.

We have no particular occasion as Congregationalists to stand off at this point and thank God that we are not as other men are. We have not I trust an undue measure of sectarian bigotry. But when practical schemes for the consolidation of our Christian forces have been brought forward we have oftentimes shown ourselves amazingly reluctant. And when that blessed day comes for the unifying of these fragments of our Christian faith into a Universal Church, I have the feeling that one of the last consenting groups of those who profess to follow Him who prayed that we might all be one, will be our own high-minded, rock-bottomed, liberty-loving Congregationalists.

We might as well be frank—nothing is gained by hiding behind the door—we have not today anywhere on earth a great Protestant Church. We have nothing in the shape of organized religious effort which in the appeal it can make to the moral imagination of the race or in the actual influence it can exert upon the life of the world, can stand for a moment beside that world-wide, close-knit organization which heads up yonder in the Vatican.

We need, above all else, save only the gracious enduement of the Holy Spirit, that wise and patient leadership which will federate these scattered forms of effort into an imposing and achieving unity. We need the firm grasp of some mighty leader—not a Bismarck who by the sheer strength of the ecclesiastical equivalents of "blood and iron" might weld these rival states of denominational life into an empire strong enough to defy the world. The mind of Von Moltke is not the mind of the Master. We need rather some man with the temper and skill of Abraham Lincoln, who "with malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives him to see the right," will guide all these sectarian states out of their differences into an imperishable republic of God. That would be union indeed, and that sort of union would hasten immeasurably the coming of that Kingdom in which we all alike believe.

The finer metals can only be welded together or moulded into nobler forms when they are at white heat. When the metal is cold it resists and breaks. In like manner there are human institutions, vast and weighty, which can only be recast when the material out of which they are formed has been brought to white heat. In these grave times when the whole world is in the crucible, may it not be that God is calling upon us for a new alignment and a better formation of all our spiritual forces for that great task of world redemption. Ten years ago it was a blunder for the scattered fragments of the Church of Christ to be lacking in the highest possible spiritual efficiency, today it is a crime. The world's dire need is summoning all the members of the body of Christ to remember that they are one body in Christ and to act together in a finer concert of power.

We have come to associate the word Catholic so intimately with the Roman adjective that multitudes of Protestants are afraid of it. Would God it might be brought back to us in its full strength! I believe in the Holy Catholic Church and I belong to it. I pray for the gathering up of all these Protestant fragments of the body of Christ into the Holy Catholic Church.

We have at hand the raw material out of which such a Church could be built. In that multitude of right-minded men and women in all lands who have learned to stand erect and to read and to think for themselves, in the widespread impatience they feel with all external and artificially imposed authority, in the deep-seated conviction they cherish that every man, be he an archbishop or a layman, has equal rights before the Throne of God with every other man, in all that we have the material out of which a great Protestant Church could be built, which would hold the future in its hands.

It doth not yet appear what form this finer Christian unity shall take. It is not made clear just how this comprehensive action of our Protestant forces shall be secured. But we know that in proportion as He appears in all our corporate life, the net result will be like Him.

These are great years and there is much to be done. Let its eyes sweep the whole horizon—the field of moral opportunity is the world. Let it make bold to attempt the moral renewal of the life of the race! Let it go forward conscious of its direct access to God, heartened to the core by its doctrine of grace, exalting the Scriptures as furnishing the true norm of faith and practice, and rejoicing in its right of private judgment. Let it go forward to build and to rebuild better than it has built before, and write chapters in its history more glorious than any in its past.

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll
Leave thy low-vaulted past;
Let each new temple nobler than the last
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast
Till thou at length art free
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea."

THE UNMINTED GOLD OF DEMOCRACY.

An Address by the Rev. Hugh Pedley of Montreal at the National Council of Congregational Churches.

On Sunday the ninth day of September from the street-car, I saw at one of the best known street corners of Montreal a group of some seven or eight young men in uniform. Now it is not an unusual thing, on the contrary it is a very common thing, in Montreal to see a group of men in uniform. Neverthless my attention was immediately arrested and for two reasons. The first was the splendid type of the men. They were young, of course, and youth always carries its own charm. They were for the most part tall, and in every case in the very pink of physical fitness. The faces were marked by a fine mingling of intelligence and frank kindliness. Then with all this there was a touch of both loneliness and high adventure, and this fascinated me. The second reason for my attention was the novelty of the uniform. It had a style of its own especially the hats which were of the wide-brimmed sombrero kind. "Who are these?" I asked myself. They made about the same impression on me as did the Saxon youths upon Augustine in the Roman market-place of long ago. Who are these? Men from the South African veldt? War-drawn travellers from Australia? Elect youths from the loveliness of New Zealand? Thus I queried. Then the car stopped and one of the group stepped on to the platform. "Who are these men?" I asked. "Americans" was the reply. Thank God, I said to myself that such men as these were to be the comrades of our sons and the nation that gave them birth was to be our ally in the present great ordeal of human history.

This incident quickened into swifter movement the wheels of thought. Why were these men here in their American uniform on the street of a Canadian city? Were they there on pleasure? We had not infrequently had United States troops in our city whose purpose was to grace some festivity, crown some public function. Were these men here for that purpose? Not so. They were bent on war's dread errand, and they were passing through Canadian territory to a Canadian port there to take ship for a European battlefield. And why were they doing this? Not to add acres to their territory, not to gratify any national or racial hate, not to win for themselves martial renown; not for any of these reasons had they set out on the great crusade, but because they believed that this freedom which they loved and in which had been reared had been subjected to brutal assault and was in danger of being driven to the shambles.

Thus was the great issue made vivid again by the presence of these young men. We were at war for democracy. We of Britain did not seek this war. We could hardly believe it possible that ever the page of histsory should be opened again to such a bloody matter. If you wish to know what the mood of Britain was four years ago you can find no more vivid description of it than in Mr. Wells' now famous book: "Mr. Britling." You will remember with what reluctance, nay with what derisive incredulity, Mr. Britling received the mere suggestion of a war with Germany, and with what consternation his soul accepted the grim and horrible reality. That was our mood. We had

no hatred of Germany and the German people. We admired their scholarship; we revelled in their music; we wondered at their industry; we were startled by their commercial achievements; but we had nothing of hatred in our hearts. In Cologne I and my party four years ago were followed by a little company of Germans who made rude remarks about us because we were English. In England I saw Germans at table with English folks and they received nothing but respect. No, we did not enter this war willingly. We entered it because in the language of St. Paul we had a stewardship. There was something we had in trust, and that something was our own freedom but not that alone, but the freedom of the world. Your mood was the same. There was the same reluctance to enter. There was the same difficulty in believing that such a thing could be possible. But the challenge came nearer and you began to see the reality of the thing that had to be dealt with. When you scanned the details of the atrocities in Belgium following hard upon the fundamental atrocity of Germany being in Belgium at all, when the shudder of the Lusitania shook the world, when the understood conventions of international law were flung to the winds, when at last you discovered that an internal octopus of intrigue and conspiracy was sending out its tentacles to all parts of the body politic, then you saw the real issue. You perceived that there was at work in this world a force that was intrinsically and forever your foe. You realized that the thing at stake not only for Serbia and Belgium but for all the nations was the very thing that lay at the heart of your own existence; and you too rose to the dignity of your stewardship and felt in your heart: "Necessity is laid upon me; for woe is me if I be not faithful to the great cause." And so it came to pass that on the ninth day of September, 1917, these seven or eight American soldiers were in Montreal, not as visitors to Canada, but as ambassadors of a nation that had found its own soul, and as crusaders in a cause that gathered up the ends of the earth and the souls of men in its majestic and onward sweeping garments.

Now what is this democracy for which we are contending, in whose name we have unfurled our banners and unsheathed our swords? Is it a finished and perfect thing? Is it something that has completely arrived? Is it like a Stradivarius than which no man can make a better, like a Venus of Milo that speaks Art's last word, like a watchmaker's masterpiece where every wheel and pivot is exactly in place and every moment of time is accurately kept? Not so. Such perfection may possibly be found in an autocracy. We can conceive of it there. We may see it as the final triumph of the Prussian system. But it is not found in democracy. That is not perfect, but imperfect. It has not arrived; it is always arriving. And that is the charm of it. Democracy is not a stone-cutter's yard with the work finished and the chips swept up; it is a garden, a forest, a prairie all rolled into one and there is no limit to its possibilities. Why do young Americans love America? Because she has attained or is already made perfect? No, but because of her possibilities. Why do the citizens of the British Empire love that empire? Because it embodies in itself the height of all excellence? No, but because they see in it infinite gold that has not yet passed through the shaping mint into the currency of the world. Democracy is attractive because of its imperfections for these imperfections are but the shadow of its deal and its ideal is man carried onward to the full realization of his own mysterious and majestic personality. The joy of democracy, the fascination of it lies in the voices that ever call it forward, the gleams that constantly burst forth on the path before.

Let us touch for a moment on some of the directions along which democracy has yet to come into its own. I say touch for that is all that is possible in the few minutes at my disposal.

The first point I shall mention is the apparently trivial one of manners. I speak to sensible men and therefore need not spend a moment in proving the immense importance of the subject. What I wish to point out is that while Democracy is not without manners it has by no means begun to exhaust its possibilities in that direction. So far as manners have a definitely recognized place in the social order they are the offspring of an aristocratically ordered society. Herbert Spencer in his essay on "Manners and Fashion" has this to say: "For while, as we have shown, manners originate by imitation of the behaviour pursued towards the great. Fashion originates by imitation of the behaviour of the great." Notice that, "Manners originate by imitation of the behaviour towards the great." The bow, the bared head, the title of respect are survivals of an age of definite class distinctions. And because of this the nations who have recently drunk the new wine of democracy are disposed to fling aside with contempt the old customs. They smack too strongly of serfdom. We can quite understand this. But it is not enough to cast out the old servilities. We need to bring in something to take their place. There is room for the introduction into this world of a code of manners that will have all the grace and all the dignity of the days of feudalism and chivalry, and yet be of a new type altogether, a code of manners that arises out of the very spirit and genius of democracy. Its basal and governing principle will be the Scriptural one "Honor all men." It will respect man as man. It will be frank, kindly, level-gazing, self-respecting and therefore all the more respectful. It presents its fundamental quality in a Lincoln, its finest expression, its consummate beauty in a Longfellow, a Holmes, a Lee, a Choate. It is part of the dream of Democracy that a day will come when any speaker facing any adience in any free country will be able to begin his address with the words: "Ladies and gentlemen" and do it without the slightest reservation.

A second direction along which Democracy has large room for expansion is that of social opportunity. Let me quote a few words from a book recently published by a British Wesleyan Chaplain, a Mr. Tiplady:

"I have lived," he says, "five long years in the East End of London and have walked by night and day through its miles of stinking streets where the poor are housed worse than the rich man's horses. The pale thin faces of the children haunt me as the horrible sights on the Somme will never haunt me, for a ragged starving child is more terrible to think of than a youth blown to fragments or lying on a stretcher in mortal agony. The tragedy is deeper and more enduring."

There is nothing original in this statement but it has peculiar force because of the angle of vision. This man set for a time in the midst of the dreadful drama of battle, seeing what brave men are enduring in defence of freedom, looks beyond the thunder and smoke of battle, beyond the shattered bodies and the faces white in the composure of death, and catches a glimpse of the sore wounds, the horrible diseases with which a free country is burdened. And his soul cries out against it all. He feels that such things should not be, need not be. He is convinced that the hands that are strong enough to grapple with the outward menace are also strong enough to grapple with the inner plague. And he is right. Hunger, ignorance, vice, the knotting to-

gether of sin and misery into that foul thing we call the slum ought to have no place in the country of a free people. Democracy ought to have, and indeed has the power to purge itself of these monstrosities and impurities, and Democracy must not rest until that task is accomplished. You in the United States, we in Britain, the Frenchman in France, the Italian in Italy, yes, and the Russian in Russia, vast, pathetic, half-lost Russia, must not be satisfied until Democracy comes to mean that no child shall be born under a handicap of despair, that the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness shall be infinitely more than a bare and perhaps unreal permission, shall in fact be an opportunity of dynamic power and irresistible charm.

A third direction along which Democracy is called is that of the sacrificial element in citizenship. By that I mean the creation of such a standard in a nation that every man and woman within its coasts shall feel in honor bound to share in the burdens as he shares in the blessings of his country. That is the ideal, and while we know full well how far we come short of realizing it we do not thrust it to one side. If Macaulay could look back to an ancient Roman republic in which

"None was for a party
And all were for the State"

surely we may look forward to an America, a Britain, a France of which that could be said. It is a conception that should be taught in every school, urged from every pulpit, pushed out upon all the nation by every instrument at our command.

Need I say that this war will furnish opportunity for a magnificent crusade on the side of genuine citizenship? We are having a wonderful object lesson in the newer meaning of citizenship. Whether it be the voluntary system which in Great Britain called to the flag an army of five million, and in Canada a contingent of four hundred thousand, or the method of selective draft that recently provided an enrollment of nearly ten millions of the people of the United States, the underlying idea is that of citizenship, that when the state is in need those who compose the state shall be its defenders. It is not as conscripts, not as hirelings, but as citizens that our men are rallying from sea to sea and marching against the foes of freedom. Shall their devotion, their suffering, their embrace of death not make our pulses beat with a more generous ardour, and stir our souls to a nobler service?

Some time ago there appeared in a Scottish paper a remarkable poem by a young Scotch officer who afterwards died in battle. It is called "The Crucifix." The idea is this. Near the battleground the writer sees a wayside Cross with its divine burden. He kneels at the foot of it, and as he kneels the figure on the Cross became animate, and descending takes him by the hand and leads him

"To a place all bloody red
" 'Here was a soldier's sacrifice'
He gently to me said;
'Here a man fell, as was his meet
For justice; and he bled there
In the ghostly moonlight
Till they said that he was dead.

'But I saw him from yon crucifix
And I came with noiseless tread
And took his heart and placed it
In a babe unborn instead,
And his soul sped in the moonlight
And with God's in heaven was wed.

'And the babe shall be a hero
Of that soldier's valour bred.
He shall live to lead his brothers,
But not in battle red;
He shall lead them to the sunlight
When the Hell of War is dead.' "

Well for Democracy when the spirit of devotion we demand in the soldier shall burn in the heart of the citizen.

The fourth direction in which we can see new values in Democracy is that of international understanding or in other words the placing on a broad foundation the peace of the world. This in itself with this bare mention of it making but one comment. Democracy has been supreme on this continent for a century, and for a century international peace has prevailed.

And now I come back to my starting-point, the little group of American soldiers at the street-corner in Montreal. The whole picture comes back to me once more, the trim uniform, the manly figures, the faces so handsome, so serious, and I think of America and her hopes and I thank God for America, but I go beyond that:

"I dip into the future far as human eye can see, . .
See the vision of the world and all the wonder that would be."

The picture becomes a prophecy for the nations. I see freedom with uplifted hand calling upon the youth of the world to follow her along a path that moves from goal to goal, and has unfailing store of glorious surprise, I see the young men and maidens of America, of Canada, of Britain, of France, of Italy, of Russia, and of Germany, yes, of Germany. (I was greatly struck with a sentence in a letter from my son written after a recent battle. He was speaking of the prisoners and the words were these: "Many of these were kindly home-loving looking lads." Why should not such as they yet be in the great army responding to freedom's call.) I see the youth of the world moving forward a mighty host not simply to make the world safe for Democracy, but to make Democracy safe for the world, wholesome for the world, a city which hath foundations whose builder and maker is God.

CHARGE TO THE PEOPLE.

At Recognition Services of Rev. Wm. E. Eckles. Given by Rev. Geo. E. Atkinson.

There is one thing that is too wonderful for me, yea two at which I marvel: The way of a man with a maid, and the way of a congregation with its pastor. The ox knoweth his owner and the ass his master's crib, but can we say with the prophet of old, that Israel knoweth not when she is well off? Nay, let Campbell Church disprove the assertion.

New brooms sweep clean, but remember that the noisiest welcome is not continuous cheer.

One cannot keep both sides of a contract.

The church bell rings twice on Sunday and once on Wednesday, yea, verily, but it calleth as loud for the people as for the pastor.

A threefold cord well woven is quickly broken, and the unity of the Pastor, Prudential Committee and people spelleth success.

The church makes the minister. Remember that. Like people, like priest. Each church has its own atmosphere.

Your pastor's day is only 24 hours long. No longer. You have to put up with only one of him, he has to put up with all of you. Who, then, needs sympathy? Remember your pastor is not your hired man.

The Brook Cherith doth not flow through Campbell nor

is manna found on your streets.

Church expenses do not have summer vacations. Remember salvation is free, but the gospel costs money.

Your pastor is not Paul, but then Campbell Church is not the Sanhedrin.

If the Church is the Army of the Lord, help your trustees run the commissary department.

And, Deacons, yours is a high calling. It is given you every day to look into the face of your Divine Master.

The sexton can be the devil's lieutenant, he also can be a true servant of God, and the parson's right hand man.

A thoughtful usher is truly a means of grace. May their tribe increase. The Prudential Committee is not a cabinet by the President's choice nor a gang under the orders of "The Boss," but representatives of a scriptural republic.

The voice of the pastor is as the voice of God to you, let there not be heard then unjust criticism on the streets, but his voice in the counsels in your closets.

Every church should be a cathedral. Make yours one. But remember many churches have too many flying buttresses.

Carefully repair all roads leading to the church, and see the roof of the horse sheds leaketh not. For I declare unto you that Sunday rain is woefully wet and damp, and the Sabbath heat is hot.

Sabbath sickness can be healed only by the unction from the Holy One.

A congregation invariably gets what it brings. What then do you want?

That is a good sermon which putteth thee not to sleep but inspireth thee to do thy neighbor good.

A hungry man does not criticise the shape of the loaf he eats. Gettest thou the point? 'Tis a sharp one for some.

A congregation as well as an individual may have the dyspepsia. Digest the good food your pastor breaks for you, and keep well.

Remember, O Remember, my former people, that the end of a sermon is only its beginning.

Remember this also and take it to mind: Perfection is never seen in the pulpit, and it is seldom found in the pews!

The congregation is often tired with the pastor, the pastor is often tired with the people. And, Lo! these two are equal!

Church work is slow work, but that is no reason for you to be lazy and make the pastor do your share of the work.

If Aaron and Hur are not on your church roll, you may as well burn the books.

Remember, O, my friends, your church is not a social club, nor an esthetic confectioner's shop, nor an intellectual prize-ring, nor a mutual admiration society, neither is it a soft hammock for spiritual sailors, but it is a workshop in which you are a worker, don't quarrel with your tools then. It is an army in which you are a soldier. Don't stain its honor. It is a republic of which you are a citizen, do not be disloyal to her history or her claims. It is a body of which you are a member, do not become paralyzed or diseased. It is a family in which the old are not to be arrogant, nor the young presumptuous, but each to serve the other. The unity of the spirit and the obedience of love will illustrate for the community the family of Christ in Heaven and on earth.

Children cry for sweets when they need castor oil or a slipper. This same is a parable. He that ears to hear, keep them open.

And, my brethren, hear with both your ears, but be sure they are your own ears. When the Sons of God come together, Satan always desires a pew in the center aisle. Fill this house so full with the atmosphere of love and true worship that he won't feel at home. Selah!

Your minister is not a priest, nor is the pulpit an altar, preaching and praying then cannot be vicarious on his part for you, you only can make it so.

Remember this, also, the services begin on time, and the front seats are strongly built, neither are they infected.

The patron saint of some church collections is St. Nickel-us, while some church treasurers can say with Paul "Alexander, the copper smith, hath done so much harm." Yet that amount given in love and true worship at times far outweighs a larger amount carelessly tossed in.

When the pastor begins to pronounce the benediction it is not an official order for overcoats and hats.

A crown awaits the man who takes out his car and himself for the Wednesday meeting.

Drink the water of life out of thine own cistern, and eat that which thine own larder provideth.

Is any sick? Let him send. Not wait and wonder why the doctor cometh but not the pastor, who knoweth not the need, neither is summoned.

As a bird that wandereth from her home nest, so is the one that tasteth of many pulpits.

Far off fields look green, yet the other church hath also its own disappointments.

He who belongs to all the churches is of no use in any of them.

Free lances do not win battles.

The stork knoweth its home and the calf loveth its mother, but many people there be these days that know not their own church home, and who love other people's mother as well as their own.

The answer to the church tramp should be an ecclesiastical wood pile with tough theological knots to split.

I have been young and now am old and yea, verily, I have found out that rusty lock creaketh loudest, and the do-nothings make the most noise in the church. Yea, verily, the ox that pulleth least groaneth the loudest.

A boulder is bigger than a pearl, but one man is not wiser than the whole congregation.

It is the glory of God in his mercy to conceal a thing, but it is the reproach of some of his people to hang their neighbor's washing on the house top.

I recently have ridden hither and yon up and down California in a machine, verily, 'tis true what I have found. A machine cannot run itself, neither can a list of officers and members when printed make an efficient society.

I myself have been young and still act so, yet my children there are some things which even young people do not know, for verily the church does not exist for the young people, but the young people for the church.

Faithful are the wounds of a friend, yea, 'tis true, but that is no reason for any one to sharpen their tongue whenever the pastor appears.

Go thou, often, my friends, to the house of thy friend, for weeds soon choke up the unused path.

Pray for your pastor. I can never forget how some of you always used to remember me, your pastor, before God's throne before you came to church. How it helped! Don't say your prayers, really **pray them.**

And now, O, my people of former years, this one word in closing. My heart burneth within me, and a lump seemeth to arise in my throat when I think of you. The splendid loyalty with which so many of you supported me.

A finer people there is not in any church in California; yet the greatest room in the world is the room for improvement.

When I think of your patience, your love, your splendid support to my plans, I want to congratulate my good friend, your pastor, on the rare unique opportunity that is his. You two, pastor and people, have a wonderful chance to "make good" in the Master's vineyard.

May your best be crowned by the Father's better, and the choicest fruits of success be yours in the years to come.

Happy is that parson who trieth not to run the woman's society, for verily I declare unto you, thrice blessed is that woman who trieth not to run the parson.

MEN IN THE MAKING.

These are days when Dr. J. G. Holland's familiar lines ring with a peculiar significance:

"God give us men! A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hands;
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor; men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue
And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking;
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking.
For while the rabble with their thumb-worn creeds,
Their large professions and their little deeds,
Mingle in selfish strife, lo! Freedom weeps,
Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice sleeps!"

If the world is to have such men where shall it get them? Someone has said: "There is only one thing out of which a man can be made, and that is a boy."

I thought of all this as I faced the people, young and old, gathered at the Rally Day service of Pilgrim Bible School, Pomona, on the morning of October 7th—the attendance on that occasion being not less than 450. Boys were everywhere in evidence, the younger ones in groups here and there on the main floor, and the gallery holding one solid block of boys. Pilgrim Bible School is rich in boys.

The attracting feature is the Boy's Brigade connected with the Pomona church. Company A, Second Regiment, was organized ten years ago, and during that period has been under the same officers—Captain Frank C. Eells and Lieutenants Carl Lorbeer and E. Alva Lawrence. The efficient work and untiring devotion of these three men has resulted in great benefit to hundreds of boys who have been connected with the organization.

The membership at this writing is ninety, with a waiting list. The gymnasium of the church has been used as a drill room, and the floor space will accommodate a company of about eighty for drill work. The officers are considering plans by which a larger number of boys may be admitted to membership. A suggestion in a letter to the writer from a Brigade boy who is now in the national service would seem to solve the problem easily:

"There is no reason why Pilgrim Brigade should not have a membership of at least 150 or 175 boys," he writes: "In a climate like Southern California's the gym is not needed for a drill room except on stormy nights, and they are comparatively few. No boy desiring membership in the Brigade should be turned down on account of a lack of floor space when you have all out-doors. Officers who 'get that look' can control any number of reasonably sane boys."

How small our little problems seem to the man who is facing every day the big things in actual military service!

The Boy's Brigade of Pilgrim Church has the reputation of being the largest boy's organization of its kind in the West. A most gratifying feature is the recognition given to young men who have been connected with Pilgrim Brigade, by army officers in various military camps where many of the older Brigade boys are now in training for their country's service. Several who were given "honorable discharge" by the Brigade officers when they had reached the age limit have been appointed officers in the army service because of efficiency in drilling and the knowledge of military tactics learned in this Sunday-school organization.

The pledge which members of the Brigade sign is as follows: "God helping me, I promise and pledge that I will not use tobacco or intoxicating liquor in any form; that I will not use profane, vulgar or indecent language; that I will obey faithfully all the company rules, set an example of good conduct to my comrades and other boys, and attend Sunday-school regularly."

For special "company efficiency" thirty-five of the Brigade boys were awarded medals at the Rally Day service of the Bible School this year.

Pilgrim Church and Bible School is trying to do not only its "bit" but its "best" to give to the world a goodly number of men of the temper of those called for in Dr. Holland's appeal. It is rare for Pilgrim Church to come to a communion day without boys from the Brigade in the company of those uniting with the church. W. N. B.

THE NORTHERN CALIFORNIA CONGREGATIONAL CONFERENCE.

The Northern California Congregational Conference will meet for its annual session at Eureka Oct. 30th to Nov. 1st, inclusive. An interesting program has been arranged by the committee, the general theme being "Pilgrim Principles and Present-Day Problems." Rev. R. D. Douglass of Ferndale will preach the Conference sermon on Tuesday night, followed by the Communion service. After a business session Wednesday morning the subject of Congregational Ideals will be discussed, the afternoon session closing with an address by Rev. F. S. Fitch of Buffalo, N. Y., on "The Program of Protestantism," a theme particularly appropriate to Luther celebration this month. Wednesday evening there will be a home missionary address by Rev. Ralph B. Larkin, with five minute addresses by a number of home missionaries in active service. Thursday morning will be devoted to the business of the Conference, followed by a Church Efficiency hour conducted by Rev. Geo. E. Atkinson, and in the afternoon the application of Pilgrim principles to different phases of our modern life will be considered. The Conference will close on Thursday evening with addresses on "Pilgrim Ideals in Relation to the present World Situation," by Rev. F. J. Van Horn and Rev. Charles L. Kloss. The Bible study hour for the Conference will be in the hands of Rev. R. C. Brooks.

The Eureka church is planning a most cordial welcome for the ministers and delegates from the churches and those who attend will find the Conference a great opportunity for fellowship and inspiration. As many churches

as possible should be represented in the consideration of the important matters which are to come before the Conference.

PASADENA FIRST.

Both minister and people are deeply disturbed over the urgent call that has come to their leader, Dr. D. F. Fox, from the First Church of Denver, Colo. The congregation is holding its breath in suspense, for a peculiarly happy and harmonious understanding has existed for the past eight years between this pastor and his flock, and the desire for a continuation of this relationship is most earnest and unanimous. At their all-day meeting last week, the women voiced their feeling in a resolution expressing appreciation of Dr. Fox's fruitful ministry, and pleading with him for its continuance; and a number of representative business men of Pasadena, headed by John Willis Baer, late President of Occidental College (Presbyterian) recognizing the value of such men as Dr. Fox to the community, have published a petition asking him to remain. Meanwhile, Dr. Fox has the matter under earnest consideration, as both he and the two churches most directly concerned realize that this is a time for special prayer for guidance.

At the communion service last Sunday morning fourteen members were received, three of these on confession.

Many of the boys from Camp Arcadia were guests at the evening service, having been previously entertained at supper in various homes.

Pasadena is making extensive preparations for a Laymen's Missionary Convention to be held Nov. 18, 19, 20, this being one of a series of nine to be held throughout the State. In connection with this gathering, and under the auspices of the Woman's Missionary Union of Pasadena, the women are to hold a parallel convention, having the same strong team of speakers from New York, supplemented by well-known coast leaders of various denominations, and others.

NOTES FROM MODOC COUNTY.

Modoc Association of Congregational Churches.

On September 18 and 19 the second semi-annual meeting of the new district association of Modoc County and vicinity was held at Ft. Bidwell. The model constitution issued by the National Council was adopted with minor changes, and a permanent organization was effected with much enthusiasm. Upon motion the Registrar was instructed to make formal application for official recognition by the Northern California Congregational Conference at the next meeting of that body in Eureka, October 30-November 1.

We were much encouraged and inspired by the helpful addresses, the cheerful presence and the good work of Supt. Hinman of the A. M. A., and were disappointed that he had to depart suddenly.

For the session Rev. Henry M. Bowman was elected Moderator and Mrs. Wm. H. Youngman was chosen Scribe. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Moderator, Mr. C. B. Towle, Alturas; Vice-Moderator, Pastor of Adin Church; Registrar-Treasurer, Miss Annie Williams, Alturas; Representative on the State Board, Rev. Henry M. Bowman, Ft. Bidwell. The next meeting will be held with the Alturas church in the spring and will be of an interdenominational nature.

Adin Congregational Church.

Rev. E. J. Singer, who is supplying there until a permanent pastor can be found, reports increased interest and attendance. A helpful out-reach is also being made to the near-by communities of Lookout and Bieber and other places.

Ft. Bidwell Congregational Church.

Rev. Henry N. Bowman, with the good support of Mrs. Bowman, is still laboring faithfully. The interest of the people during the spring has been very encouraging, but like a good many places in Modoc County, the attendance during the summer months is quite small. We all rejoice to know of the great improvement in the health of Mr. Bowman and earnestly hope that it will continue.

Likeley Congregational Church.

We are sorry to report that Likeley is still without a pastor, but rejoice to learn that there is prospect of having one before long. The church people are alive and are very interested and happy over the Association of our churches near by.

Alturas Congregational Church.

The Sunday School has just awarded a first prize of $5.00 and a second prize of $2.50, promised to the boy or girl, regardless of membership, who should raise the best garden in the community. Attendance is picking up slowly after the summer months.

Twice the church has held special services for the boys on their way to the training camp, at which the boys attended in a body. The last such meeting was a union service with the Baptist Church. Needless to say there was a crowded house each time and the boys seemed to appreciate it.

We rejoice in the fact that at the October communion eight members were received into the fellowship, six on profession of faith and two on reaffirmation. Aside from the work at Alturas the pastor is preaching Sunday afternoons alternately at Canby and at Davis Creek, each about twenty miles from Alturas in a different direction, the trips are made a la Ford.

W. B. M. P.

Mrs. J. K. Browne led the devotions at the weekly prayer meeting at headquarters on Wednesday last, using for her theme "Praise through Service," illustrating it by a series of carefully selected Bible texts, showing how fundamental is that thought in both the Old and New Testaments. In the prayers that followed, especial thought was given to our President and Vice-president and Miss Denton attendant upon the first session of the National Council then convening at Columbus, Ohio; all our missionaries and those mentioned on the Prayer Calendar. Mr. and Mrs. Edward Smith of the Foochow Mission, China, were the special guests. They are returing to their station at Inghok, after a year of furlough.

LITERATURE.

A new help to the study of "An African Trail" is offered, a "Girl's How to Use," by Miss Applegarth, price 10 cts.; also Madras College Booklet, beautifully illustrated, 10

cents, and the "Report of Federation Meeting, 1917," free.

The American Board has gotten out a most attractive illustrated booklet called "The American Board in Picture and Story" 10 cents, and a free illustrated leaflet, "The Way of a Maid in Zululand."

THE THANK-OFFERING.

"Ingathering day" comes in November. Let us be mindful each day of our causes for thankfulness and prove that our gratitude is sincere by adding to the sins in our Thankoffering boxes.

The following admirable suggestion comes from the office secretary.

"Since paper is so expensive and all the world is talking conservation, let us fall in line by saving our Thankoffering boxes for use another year. It is easily done; cut a slit along the bottom edges to let the money out and a strip of surgeon's plaster will make the box as good as new for all practical purposes. When we consider that the Board paid $75 for the two thousand boxes it distributed this year, does it not seem worth while to save that money for use somewhere else? Then think how much these boxes will come to mean to us through the years, being thus closely interwoven with all that is best and sweetest in our lives."

LUNCHEON AT THE HOTEL RAMONA.

The "Hospitality Committee," etc., latest created committee of the Board, appointed just after the annual meeting, sprang at once into working activity. Evidently there was a pent-up force struggling for expression which now joyously proves itself out through every offered opportunity. The first consideration of the committee is to meet missionaries who are passing through San Francisco—to wish "Bon Voyage" to those bound for the Orient, and to welcome with cordial handshake those arriving home on furlough. In whatever way the committee can be of service—assistance in shopping, locating friends, advice regarding travel—it is eager to serve.

On occasions it is possible to entertain guests at luncheon to which all the members of the Board are invited. These gatherings are most delightful and are of the greatest advantage to the work of the Board. Of necessity on account of the great distances between headquarters and the missions, many important decisions and all the details of work must be left to those on the field. Though we may be represented by only one single worker in a mission, our interest should include all the members, for it is the entire mission which directs and advises and arbitrates affairs, our own as well as all the others. A mutual acquaintanceship therefore between the various members of a mission and the members of the Board is of the greatest advantage and value.

Last week several members of the Board had the pleasure of lunching at the Hotel Ramona with Rev. and Mrs. James D. Taylor, home on furlough from the Zula Mission, Africa, and Rev. and Mrs. Edward H. Smith, returning to their work at Inghok, China. Mr. Taylor is a professor in the Union Thelogical College at Adams and has charge of various stations and churches in the Polela district. Mrs. Taylor is engaged in work for women and girls. She brought us word that Mrs. Cowles, whom she saw in January, was well and enthusiastically happy in her work.

It was a delightful privilege to meet Mr. and Mrs. Smith, who after a year's furlough are returning with their three little daughters to the Foochow Mission. They had not remained to attend the Council at Columbus, because they were "anxious to get back to Inghok." Any member of the Foochow Mission is of course of special interest to the W. B. M. P., for that is the home of the Union Kindergarten Training School and of Bertha Allen, our enthusiastic young representative who is one of its teachers. Mr. and Mrs. Smith are in charge of the Boys' Boarding and Day School at Inghok. Mrs. Allen has recently spent six months at Inghok pursuing her study of the Chinese language. Mr. and Mrs. Smith were most kind and patient in answering numerous questions about our interests in Foochow, and we are happy to add two more to our group of esteemed and valued friends in China.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE WASHINGTON WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS.

"Visions" was the keynote of the annual meeting of the Washington Woman's Home Missionary Union and Washington Branch of the Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific, which was held in Plymouth Church, Seattle, during the State Conference, October 2-4.

Mrs. Arthur Talcott, through the window of the Corresponding Secretary, gave encouraging glimpses of what Congregational women are doing through their missionary societies in this state.

The Home Treasurer, Mrs. J. H. Matthews, and the Foreign Treasurer, Miss Estelle Roberts, with a fine big chart made our finances not only very clear and plain but luminous with stars and interesting items.

Rev. J. H. Matthews, of Seattle, presented Missions in the Sunday School, and plead for a place in the program of the churches for missionary education of our young people. He was followed by Dr. Hinman, of San Francisco, who in vigorous fashion explained the Tercentenary program with special emphasis on its practicability in the Sunday Schools.

An address by Mrs. W. V. Gulick, Secretary of College Work, on "The New Vision for the College Woman," urged greater effort on the part of the church in enlisting our young women in missionary enterprises.

Of absorbing interest was the address of Miss Henrietta Brewer, Vice-President of the W. B. M. P., who spoke for the Woman's Board of the Pacific—Its Present Task. With her as guide we traveled to the foreign stations in which we are financially as well as sympathetically interested and saw visions of consecrated living and loving and working among our missionaries and their faithful native helpers.

Miss Woodberry, Secretary of the Woman's Department of the National Woman's Home Missionary Union, drew a wonderful picture of the heroic lives of our home missionaries in the isolated regions; and also of the America that is coming to be, because of the new life that is streaming in from all the world; each immigrant bringing his gift as well as his problems.

The efficient President of the Washington Branch of the W. B. M. P., Mrs. R. S. Osgood, was again re-elected, and Miss H. A. MacLafferty, who so ably heads the Washington Woman's Home Missionary Union, was again returned to office.

Mrs. J. A. Freiday, for many years President of the

Washington Branch, and now Honorary President, led us into the presence of God during the devotional period of consecration and prayer.

A valuable feature was the informal conference of officers and secretaries on the following day when as luncheon guests of Mrs. R. S. Osgood, plans were made which must result in some realized visions and a bigger, better year of service in 1918.

CHINESE AND JAPANSE CHURCHES OF BERKELEY AND SAN FRANCISCO INCREASING IN MEMBERSHIP.

On Oct. 7th, the Lord's supper was observed by the Chinese Church of Berkeley and the Chinese Church of San Francisco. By the latter church five young men and one lay were received all upon confession and baptism.

Among the delegates to our National Council at Columbus, Ohio, is Rev. K. Kodaira, pastor of our Federated Japanese Church in San Francisco.

Few of our pastors gathered in Columbus have reason to look back on their work with more gratitude than Brother Kodara. More than one hundred were added to his church during the past twelve months. W. C. P.

The Home.

THE NAGGER.

No quality is needed quite so much as patience in every domestic relation, whether it be between husband and wife, mother and child, or brother and sister. If harmony and peace are to reign the members of the domestic circle must be patient with each other's faults and shortcomings. Unfortunately, the majority of homes cannot freely come under the head of harmonious. There are many quiet, happy households, to be sure, but they are in a minority compared to the family circles where arguments and wrangles reign.

It is unfortunate, but it seems to be true, that there are not nearly as many truly contented, peaceful families as there are homes where the members seem to be constantly upset with each other. Now, why should this be true? Because there are not nearly as many patient characters in this world as there are impatient ones. When a relative fails to fulfill a commission or acts in a way which seems wrong, according to one's viewpoint, it is much easier to lose one's patience than to keep it.

But do you know the greatest menace to every happy home? Nagging! Yes, nagging is the surest way to drive your companions to distraction. Nagging has broken up more homes than any siren who ever lived. There are families, to be sure, whose happiness has been wrecked by outside influences, but the majority are ruined from within by nagging.

And the worst part of it all is that the woman seldom sees herself in her true colors. She doesn't realize that she nags; all she sees is that others are so unreliable or so impatient or so irresponsible or so something or another just to excuse her nagging.

Are you a nagger? You probably do not realize it, even if you are. But if you begin to examine yourself truthfully and honestly, you may recognize the symptoms. The nagger is constantly finding fault, and she does not let a mistake be forgotten. She harps on one thing after another until her companions are most unbearably nervous.

Nagging seems to be a peculiarly feminine characteristic. There are very few masculine naggers, whereas the feminine ones are legion. Sometimes the nagger is a mother who cannot let her children have a moment's peace without picking at them. Or perhaps she is a sister, who drives her brother to distraction, with her constant bickering and fault finding.

But most frequently of all she is a wife, who nags, nags, nags at her husband until any normal, right-minded person would find him perfectly justified in seeking grounds for divorce. There is nothing so completely exhausting and nerve racking as living with a nagger, and for a man who has serious business problems to face the home atmosphere becomes almost unbearable.

Perhaps you will say that some women have plenty cause for nagging. Well, it is true, but for the most part nagging is a terrible habit, which grows and grows until it masters you. You begin by finding fault when you really may have grounds for complaint, but you end by seeking any reason at all for nagging. Like all habits, it is easily acquired, but hard to shake off.

If you naggers could learn to look at seeming faults from the other point of view, you would not find so much grounds for constant complaint. You have just as big and glaring faults as your husband, son or brother, what right have you, then, to nag and scold about their slightest sin of commission or omission.

You women who have acquired the habit of nagging had better set about losing it as quickly as possible if you do not want to ruin the the happiness of your homes. Nothing can endanger family peace and harmony so quickly as nagging. So break yourself of this dreadful habit before you bring misery on yourself and those you love. Learn patience with their faults.—Exchange.

THE VIOLET'S SPROUTING JOURNEY.

In the dark close earth two little seeds grew side by side at the edge of the woods. They looked alike, but they did not act alike. The violet seed shook himself gleefully as he said:

"I'm so happy—O, I'm so—"

"Happy?" interrupted his cross neighbor, the weed. "Why are you happy?"

"Why shouldn't I be, I'd like to know? Think of the fun I'm having as I push through the dark earth-tunnel toward the light where the sun shines and flowers grow!"

"Ugh! I wish I could change places with you, then, for I'll reach that hot sun and those scraggy old flowers of mixed colors all too soon. I hate them all!"

As he said this he crinkled up savagely. His tiny companion sympathetically moved a little nearer, but the weed only shot out his tendrils, grasping viciously at the roots of his little friend.

For a moment the violet was overcome with fright, but then he remembered that his name meant "sweet and tender thoughts." So he smilingly said to the weed:

"Don't you know that by entangling yourself round me you will only be aiding me on my pleasant sprouting journey?—for you grow ever so much faster than I."

The weed didn't enjoy the idea of helping anyone along,

so he quickly loosened his tendrils, threw his little companion aside, and went on his way alone.

When the violet pushed its head through the earth into the sunshine it found the weed already there.

"Well, is everything you see as grand as you thought it would be?" jeered the surly weed.

"No picture was ever so lovely as this!" replied the violet, comfortably spreading out its arm-leaves.

"Pooh! Wait until those damp, chilly April showers come—then you will change your mind."

But the violet did not change his mind. Day by day he grew, contented whether in darkness or in light, and finally a dozen blossoms, as blue as the sky, crowned him with their beauty. The weed, devoured with envy, went on growing more and more ugly—but the less that is said of him, the better!

One day, after a spring shower, which spruced up the little clump of violets, a child and her nurse happened to be walking in the woods searching for wildflowers. The tiny maid saw the bright blossoms peeking at her. She clapped her hands gleefully, saying,

"'Ook—'ook! Pity f'owers!"

The nurse smiled as she saw them, and said:

"We will take this plant and put it in your little garden, Betty. Then you will have more 'pity f'owers'."

Betty was greatly excited as she watched the nurse dig up the plant and lay it carefully in the basket.

Before leaving the hillside the violet whispered to the dissatisfied weed:

"I hate to leave you so unhappy. Perhaps if you will feel more kindly toward everything and everybody some good fortune will come to you."

But the weed only said "Humph!" and switched his leaves stiffly in the rising wind.—Gail Purviance.

For The Children.

THE FINDING OF JOY.

It has been said that there is ample material for a three-volume novel of absorbing interest in the life of the most commonplace man. There are many people who do not believe this statement; they are the people who think the world is a humdrum place, that life is a monotonous round and that there is no possibility of adding excitement to it except by sharing in impossible adventures. But there are a few people who nod approval as they hear the suggestion about the three-volume novel; they are continually proving the statement, and in proving it they find joy themselves and give joy to others.

The author of an unassuming little book, "Letters on an Elk Hunt," is one of the joyous joy-givers. Everywhere she goes she finds people whose lives are full of romance, comedy, or tragedy, and she has the sympathetic nature that enables her to learn the story of these humble heroes and heroines who, but for her, and rare spirits like her, would keep these stories to themselves and so rob themselves and others of part of the joy of living.

To this author the elk were mere incidents of the tour described in the volume, precisely as when she attended a Fourth of July cowboys' entertainment she had no eyes for the "doings" that attracted others. To quote her own words: "I didn't care much for their contests; I was watching the faces."

The scene of the journey of which she wrote was Wyoming. She traveled through a barren, forbidding country, where sand and alkali were prominent features of the landscape. How could she find interesting human material in such surroundings?

Forty-nine people out of fifty would have said at once that the people she met were hopelessly commonplace, dull, and uninteresting. For one was a waitress in a forlorn desert hotel, homely, shrinking, ludicrously dressed, wearing shoes which were not mates, one having a high heel, the other a low heel. Then came a large Irish woman who broke so many rules of the Queen's English when she talked that it would have been the despair of one who attempted to correct her. Later appeared a hopeless-looking woman. "The hot winds and the alkali dirt had tanned her skin and bleached her hair; both were a gray brown. Her eyes were blue, but were so tired-looking that I could hardly see for the tears," the sympathetic author says in describing her. Next in the ranks of these ordinary people was a tall bareheaded man whose clothes and shoes were in tatters, whose arms and shoulders were covered with great sun blisters, whose eyes were swollen and red, and whose lips were cracked and bleeding. Another portrait was that of a stout little ranchman in red shirt and blue overalls, who used one knife in all his cooking operations, cleaning it after each use on the leg of his overalls. Grandma Mortimer was a bustling, motherly woman who seemed to know how to do everything, though it was not apparent that she had any claim to the distinction. A man with an ax on his shoulder, encountered on the road, led the travelers to his cabin, for whose slovenly appearance he apologized abjectly.

There are seven people in the list, which might be enlarged with ease. But it is enough to mention the seven.

Now what did an observing, sympathetic woman learn about these humdrum individuals?

She would have learned nothing of the story of the waitress if she had not offered to help her carry out the dishes, and then to dry them. The homely little woman had an absorbing passion: her little eight-year-old sister. She wore cast-off shoes that she might buy for her patent-leather slippers. She was saving her three dollars a week to give this sister the good clothes she had never had. She had always wanted a doll, but she had been unable to buy it until the previous Christmas, when she gave it to her sister. Her definition of happiness was "wanting something new for Linnie."

The Irish woman had a heart hunger for children. She was happy when she found two lonely children that she could take home with her, for she felt that "the pangs of motherhood make us mothers not only of our own, but of every child that needs mothering, especially if our own little children need us no longer."

The homely woman whose skin and hair had been bleached by the alkali dust was the wife of a homesteader whose grain had been blown out of the sandy soil by the fierce breezes. Their two horses died, so they had to plough and plant by hand. Everything seemed to be against them. But they did not propose to give up; they were brave and hopeful.

The tall, bare-headed man, dressed in tatters, was known as Crazy Olaf; in penance for killing a horse by fast driving he spent his days digging wells in the dust that horses might not perish of thirst. In spite of failure he persisted until, just at the time of the elk hunt, he brought in a gushing well, and he was happy.

The ranchman lived alone. Apparently there was nothing of interest about him. But the sympathetic visitor learned that for eighteen years a girl had been waiting for

him back East. He had not heard from her for a long time, and he did not know what to do. Encouraged by Mrs. Stewart, he went back and brought the waiting Jennie to his lonely ranch.

Grandma Mortimer was the neighborhood helper in time of trouble because her heart had been enlarged by the tragic death of the boy in whom she delighted.

The bachelor ranchman who apologized for slovenliness explained that he was expecting his mother from the old New England home. The women of the party stopped a few days to make everything tidy for the mother, and stayed to welcome her when she came. Then Mrs. Stewart learned that the son had been in the penitentiary—the mother knew he was innocent—and that she had been in the poorhouse. He had sent for her as soon as he learned the secret she had tried to keep from him. And for the very joy of being in a home of her own once more she announced her determination to make the ranch a refuge for the homeless.

The petty inconveniences of the trip did not annoy the letter writer because she was so absorbed in the wonderful people she met in a barren, desest corner of Wyoming!

One of the best sentences in the book comes at the end. It is this: "I have had a fine trip; I have experienced about all the human emotions. I had not expected to encounter so many people or to get the little glimpses that I've had, but wherever there are human beings there are these little histories."

Yet so many people say that this is a humdrum world, full of commonplace people!—From "The Book of Joy."

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